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Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight

Harold G. Frost

F. Henri Klickmann

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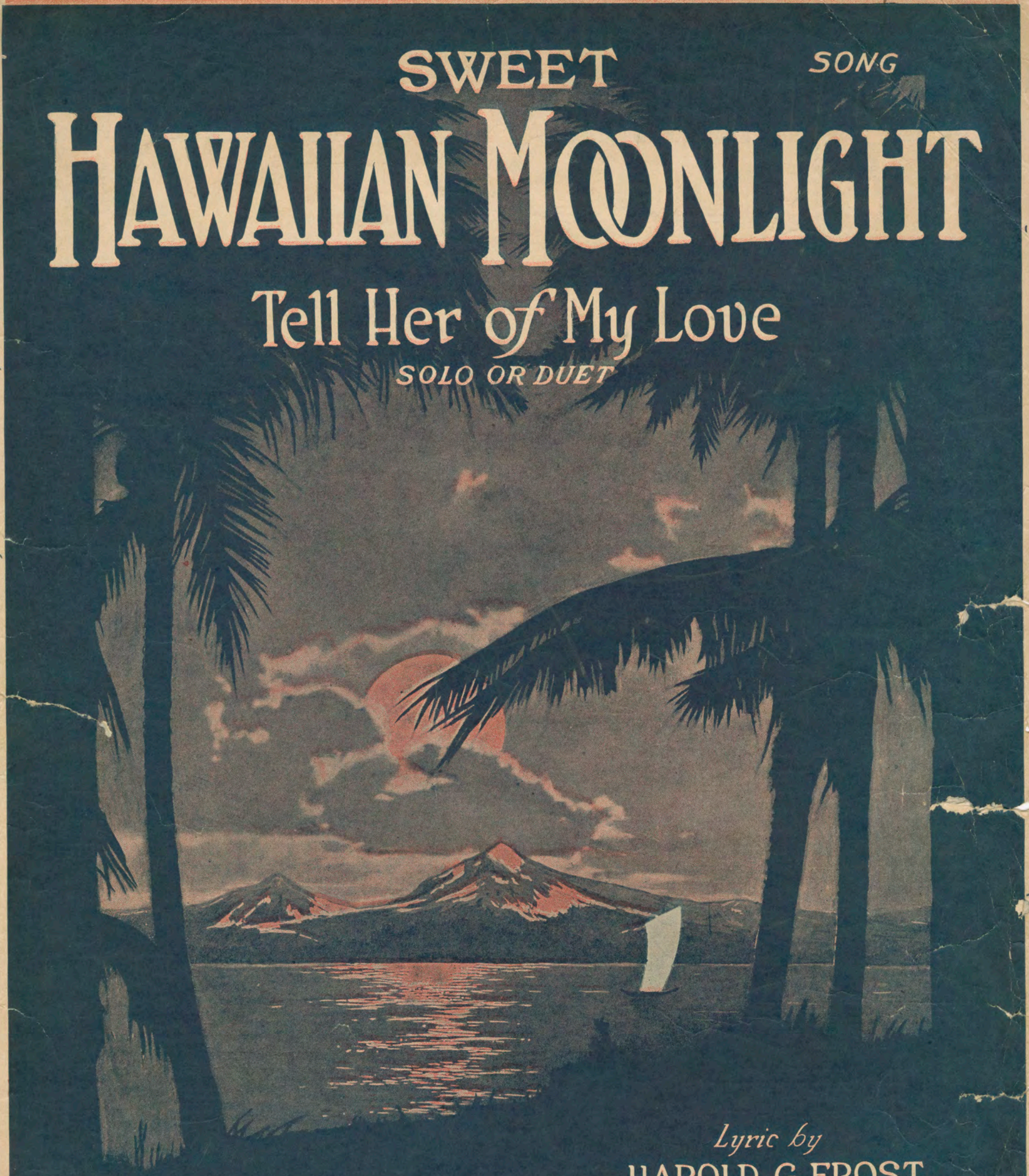
M. L. Pettigrew

SWEET SONG

HAWAIIAN MOONLIGHT

Tell Her of My Love

SOLO OR DUET



Lyric by
HAROLD G. FROST

Music by
F. HENRI KLICKMANN

Frank K. Root & Co.
McKINLEY MUSIC CO. OWNERS
CHICAGO NEW YORK

Albert & Son, Australasian Agents, Sydney, Australia.

SWEET

HAWAIIAN MOONLIGHT

(Tell Her Of My Love)

Solo or Duet

Lyric by
HAROLD G. FROST.

Music by
F. HENRI KLICKMANN

Andante

Slowly

mp

marc.

L.H

f accel.

p

Dreamily

p Small notes (Alto) ad lib

Mem-'ry takes me back in dreams Where Ha - wai- ian moon - light gleams,

p dolce e legato

cresc.

rit.

Vine flow'rs are swinging, some-one is singing, 'Round my heart fond mem'ries are clinging, For

cresc.

rit.

à tempo

there I stole a heart a - way By the moon - lit bay,

a tempo

dim.

Dream-ing of Ha - wai- ian moon-light, Seems I hear her say.

dim

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mf *a little slower* *rit.* *a tempo*

"Come back to me, Come back to me, I love but thee, I love but thee. Here by the

mf *colla voce.* *rit.* *a tempo*

Tempo I *p Dreamily*

sea at Wai-ki-ki, Come back to me, Come back to me." Sweet Ha - wai-ian

p *dolce e* *legato*

moon-light fair Guard my dear one sleeping there, Mem-o-ries lend her love dreams so

cresc. *rit.* *a tempo*

ten-der, Whisper soft the message I send her. Ah! kiss her, dreaming 'mid the flow'rs,

cresc. *rit.* *a tempo*

dim.

Shin-ing from a - bove, Bring her back those gold-en hours, Won-d'rous moon of

dim

Lento

love. Sweet Ha - wai-ian moon-light, Tell her of my love.

p L.H. *colla voce*

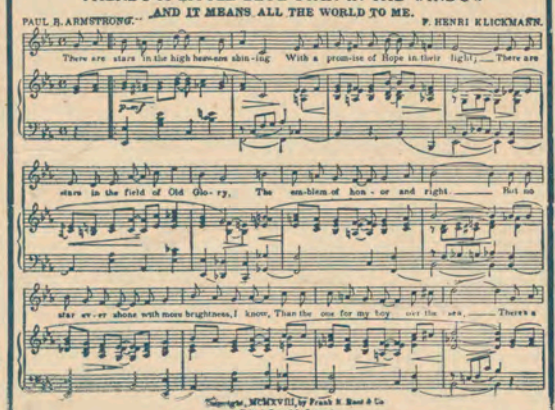
tremolo allarg.

marc.

Late Patriotic Song Successes

The Popular "Service Flag" Song Hit

THERE'S A LITTLE BLUE STAR IN THE WINDOW
AND IT MEANS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.
PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. F. HENRI KLICKMANN.


There are stars in the high heav-ens shin-ing With a prom-ise of Hope in their light, There are
stars in the field of Old Glo-ry, The em-blem of hon-or and right. Not so
star ev-er shone with more brightness, I know, Than the one for my boy over the sea. There's a

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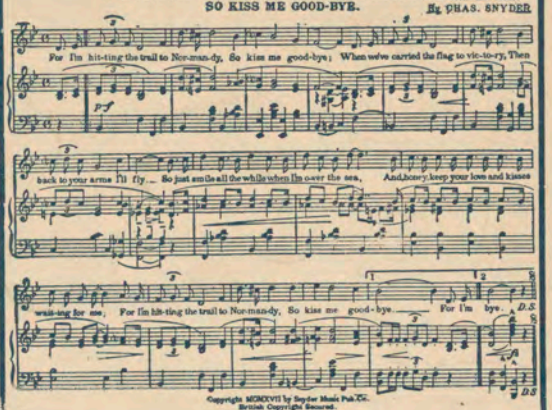
I'M HITTING THE TRAIL TO NORMANDY
SO KISS ME GOOD-BYE.
Words and Music By CHAS. SNYDER


For I'm hit-ting the trail to Nor-man-dy, So kiss me good-bye; When we've carried the flag to vic-to-ry, Then
back to your arms I'll fly... So just smile all the while when I'm over the sea, And, honey, keep your love and kisses
wait-ing for me, For I'm hit-ting the trail to Nor-man-dy, So kiss me good-bye. For I'm bye.

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The Song Everybody is Singing

OLD GLORY GOES MARCHING ON
Lyric by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLICKMANN.

Crim-son Red for Sac-ri-fice, the blood of he roes
shed, Spot less White for Pur-i-ty, the
souls of not dear dead, A-zure Blue for fear-less

WILL THE ANGELS GUARD MY DADDY OVER THERE?
Lyric by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLICKMANN.

"Will the an-gels guard my dad-dy o-ver there? Will they watch him and pro-tect him ev-'ry
where?" Then sing you-ther down to rest on her lov-ing moth-er's breast. And
mur-murs soft and low her ev-e-ning pray'r. "Bless dear old dad-dy how I miss you!"

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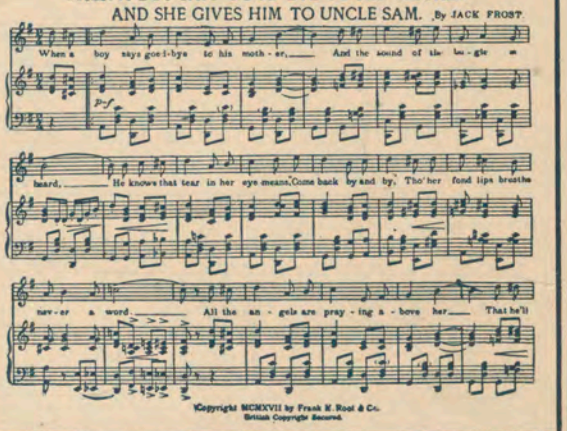
WHEN A BOY SAYS GOOD BYE TO HIS MOTHER
AND SHE GIVES HIM TO UNCLE SAM. By JACK FROST.


When a boy says good-bye to his moth-er, And the sound of the bu-gle is
heard, He knows that tear in her eye means, Come back by and by, Tho' her fond lips breathe
nev-er a word. All the an-gels are pray-ing a-bove her. That he'll

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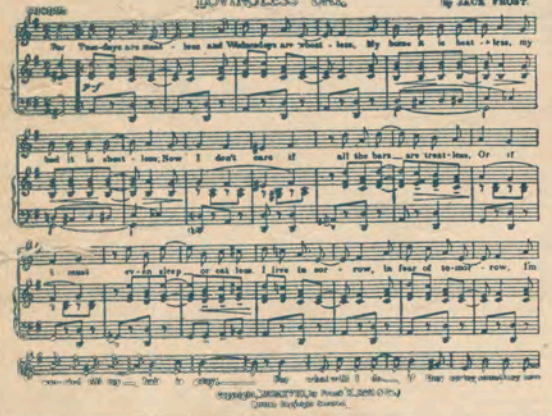
When It Comes To A
LOVINGLESS DAY.
By JACK FROST.


CHORUS
For Tues-days are mist-less and Wednes-days are cloud-less, My home is heat-less, my
soul is sun-shi-ness, Now I don't care if all the bars are treat-less, Or if
I must ev-en sleep or eat less, I live in sor-row, in fear of to-mor-row, I'm

LET THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY BE OUR WEDDING BELLS.
Lyric by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLICKMANN.

CHORUS. a tempo
The birds will greet you with mel-o-di-ous song, And I will meet you,
so come a-long; The sun is shin-ing through the storm and the strife, dear,
And I'll be pin-ing for the light of my life. (Close it-way, don't de-lay.) We'll come back

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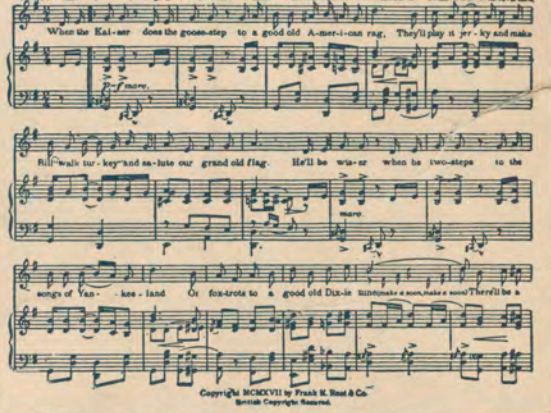
WHEN THE KAISER DOES THE GOOSE-STEP
TO A GOOD OLD AMERICAN RAG
JACK FROST. HAROLD NEANDER.


When the Kai-ser does the goose-step to a good old A-mer-i-can rag, They'll play it jer-ky and make
Bill walk tur-key and sa-lute our grand old flag. He'll be wa-ar when he two-steps to the
songs of Van-kee-land Or fox-trots to a good old Dix-ie (Hurry make it soon, make it soon) There'll be a

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Great Patriotic March Song

A-M-E-R-I-C-A
Means
"I Love You, My Yankee Land"
Words and Music by JACK FROST

"A" means you're an-y-bod-y's coun try," "M" means you're ment for me;"
"E" means you're ev-'ry-bod-y's sweet heart," And "R" for the right of lib-er-ty."
"I" stands for "in-dependence first and all," "C" for your col-ors so grand," "A-M-E-R-

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GIDDY GIDDAP! GO ON! GO ON!
We're On Our Way To War
By JACK FROST

Gid-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on! We're on our way to war! We're goin' to tell 'em to go to—well! That's
what we're fight-ing for! We did-n't want to do it, boys, But now they've made us sore;
Gid-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on! We're on our way to war! war!

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Great "Rube" War Song Hit

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